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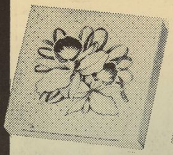

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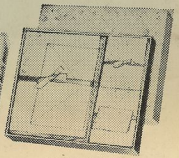

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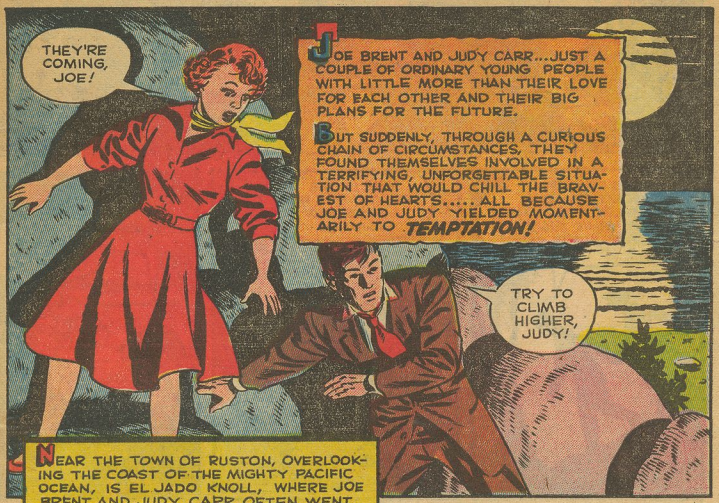
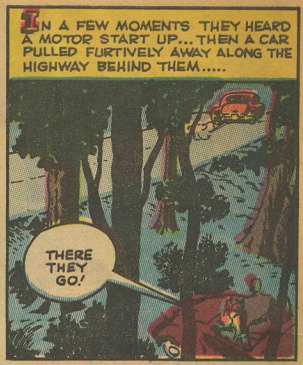
THIS IS SUSPENSE

TEMPTATION



NEAR THE TOWN OF RUSTON, OVERLOOKING THE COAST OF THE MIGHTY PACIFIC OCEAN, IS EL JADO KNOLL, WHERE JOE BRENT AND JUDY CARR OFTEN WENT IN JOE'S FUNNY LITTLE CAR, TO TALK OF THEIR FUTURE. BUT THEY CAN'T BE FOUND AT THE KNOLL ANY MORE, FOR ONE NIGHT.....

THEY'VE COVERED IT UP... WHATEVER IT IS! AND THEY'RE LEAVING!
NOT SO LOUD, JUDY! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS!


IN A FEW MOMENTS THEY HEARD A MOTOR START UP... THEN A CAR PULLED FURTIVELY AWAY ALONG THE HIGHWAY BEHIND THEM.....
THERE THEY GO!

COME ON, JUDY! I WON'T BE ABLE TO REST UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT THEY BURIED IN THE SAND!

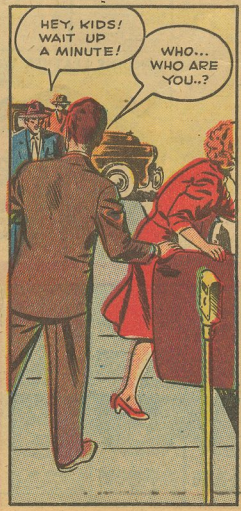
THIS IS THE PLACE! SEE HOW LOOSE THE SAND IS?

A BRIEFCASE...
F-FULL OF MONEY!

IT MUST BE STOLEN MONEY! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IT TO THE POLICE!
JUDY! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MUCH MONEY COULD DO FOR US?

SURE! BUT YOU'RE KIDDING, JOE! IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT!
MARRIAGE...A HOME...NEW CAR! ALL WE'D HAVE TO DO FOR IT IS BURY THE MONEY AGAIN...UP THE BEACH A LITTLE WAY....

THIS IS SUSPENSE



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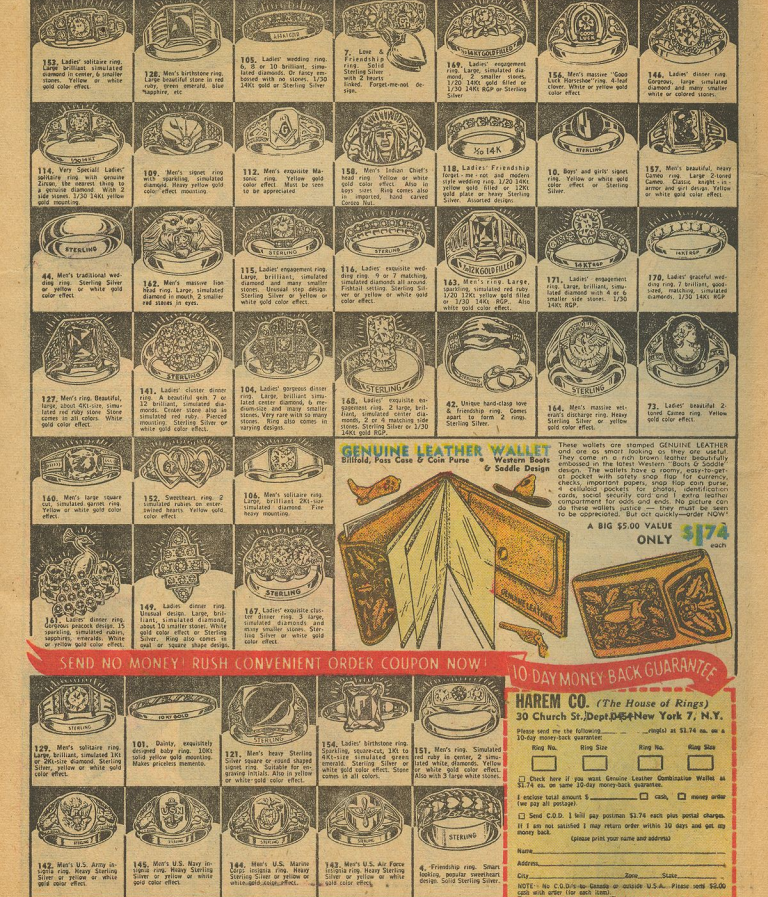

STERLING
10K GOLD
14K GOLD FILLED
STERLING
STERLING
STERLING

THIS IS SUSPENSE

UPON REACHING THE KNOLL, JOE LEADS THEM DIRECTLY TO THE SPOT WHERE HE BURIED THE MONEY. BUT AFTER DIGGING A WHILE....

JOE BRENT DID THINK FAST! HE SAID THE FIRST THING THAT CAME TO HIS MIND TO STALL THE MEN....

USING THE MEN'S FLASHLIGHT TO PICK HIS WAY AMONG THE ROCKS, JOE WATCHED CONSTANTLY FOR AN OPPORTUNITY FOR HIS AND JUDY'S ESCAPE. AND FINALLY IT CAME!

I STILL HAVE THEIR LIGHT...MAKE IT A LITTLE HARDER FOR THEM TO FOLLOW US!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, JOE?
DON'T SHOOT! POLICE'LL BE ALL OVER THE PLACE!

I DON'T KNOW! THIS IS A DESOLATE SECTION OF THE COAST....AND TO TELL THE TRUTH, JUDY, I'M LOST!
I STILL HEAR THEM! THEY'RE NOT FAR BEHIND US!

FARTHER INTO THE DESERTED COAST AREA THEY FLED.... THEN JUDY SUDDENLY GRASPED JOE'S ARM.....
LOOK, JOE! A LIGHT!
IT'S A SHACK OF SOME KIND!

COME ON! MAYBE SOMEONE THERE WILL HELP US!

JOE AND JUDY FRANTICALLY SCRAMBLED UP TO THE DOOR OF THE DECREPIT SHACK THAT LAY HALF HIDDEN AMONG THE ROCKS!

PLEASE...THERE ARE TWO MEN AFTER US! WILL YOU HELP US, PLEASE....
COME IN! CERTAINLY, I WILL HELP YOU!

THIS IS SUSPENSE

THE MAN WITH THE BEARD MUST HAVE BEEN WATCHING WHEN WE BURIED THE MONEY....THEN DUG IT UP AFTER WE LEFT!
J-JOE, I'M SCARED. HE INTENDS TO KILL US....OR HE WOULD NEVER HAVE PUT US DOWN HERE WITH THE MONEY... AND THAT TERRIBLE SCRAPBOOK!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER....
THEY'VE GONE! COME NOW AND EXPLAIN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

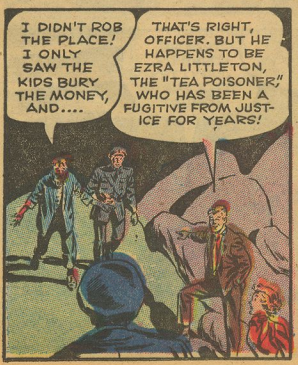
YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE AWHILE, UNTIL THEY LEAVE THE AREA! SIT DOWN NOW, AND RELAX... WHILE I FIX YOU A NICE CUP OF TEA!

THE MOMENTARY ABSENCE OF EZRA LITTLETON WAS ALL JOE NEEDED TO GRAB JUDY BY THE HAND AND.....
COME ON, JUDY! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THIS PLACE!

WAIT! COME BACK HERE!

I'LL NEVER LET YOU GET AWAY! YOU KNOW MY SECRET!

THIS IS SUSPENSE



THE AUTHORITIES DID NOT APPROVE OF JOE'S AND JUDY'S FAILURE TO TURN THE STOLEN MONEY OVER TO THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY UPON FINDING IT, BUT THEY FELT THAT THE HARROWING EXPERIENCE WAS ADEQUATE PUNISHMENT FOR THEIR INDESCRETION.

THERE WAS A REWARD OUT FOR EZRA LITTLETON, AND MOST OF IT WENT TO JOE AND JUDY, BRINGING THEM NEARER TO THEIR DREAM ON THE KNOLL.... MARRIAGE...A HOME...A NEW CAR....

THIS IS SUSPENSE

The SECRET of the BASTONIAS

THIS was my third trip into the jungles of Brazil. Had anyone dared to tell me five years ago I would now be seated in a dugout with my sole companion and guide, I would have called them crazy. At that time, I worked in a drugstore in Boston as a clerk. It was on a Friday afternoon that a well dressed gentleman asked to see Mr. Frank Martins. You can imagine how surprised I was when I learned he represented the Gordon Export Oil Company. They had heard about my work in the Texan Oil fields. Just now, I was temporarily on what you call "hard luck" side of life. Within a month, I was bound for Brazil with a contract in my pocket. My job was to go into the interior and look for oil.

This explains how I happened to be in that boat with Cintero Romez. He was also in the employ of the Gordon Export Oil Company and we had left our base at Porto Coimbo, headed for the jungle to visit the Bastonia Indians. Reports had come that they were using crude oil for their lamps. My job was to check the reports and see if an oil field existed. Cintero was a small but muscular man, weighing about 125 lbs., with coal black hair and eyes of the same color. He spoke English, French, Spanish, Portugese, and various Indian Dialects. It was a rather warm day. "Mr. Martins," he said in his low voice which always had a monotonous quality to it, "right ahead is where we park the boat and head through the jungle." We lifted the boat and brought it ashore, turning it upside down to cover such equipment as we had to leave behind us. In addition to our packs, each of us carried a bag of salt weighing about ten pounds.

One of the hardest things to get in the Amazon area is salt. The natives had produced a substitute. Around the great giant trees that make up the jungle, you find vines entwined around the tree trunks. This vine is called "Caruri" by the Indians. They dry it in the sun for hours. Then they burn it and reduce it to a powder by hammering. They filter it by shaking it through leaves which have small holes in them. The final salt like product is called Sipo. Cintero had suggested, "We take salt with us as a gift for the Indians. Perhaps they will take us to their village. Then we can see if they use oil lamps." That explains the extra weight each of us carried.

Cintero knew the trail but checked with his compass. "We head due North for Bastonia Territory," he commented, as we stopped to make camp the first evening. There is an oppressiveness in the Brazilian Jungle, the equal of which I have not met any place in the world. As the embers of our fire died, I pointed to the Caruri Vines. "Look, Cintero, they almost seem to be alive." "If you close your eyes, they will vanish from thought and sight," he said in a most philosophical manner, though I noticed he kept his right hand near the butt of his colt. I did the same and shoved my rifle a bit closer to my body. I just couldn't sleep. Somehow, one of those vines seemed to go down the tree and approach me. Was I going plain crazy or just seeing things? It was getting closer and closer and I jerked my revolver out of the holster, firing two shots at the Vine. Cintero jumped from the ground with his gun ready. "Who's attacking us?" he shouted. I pointed to the Vine on the ground, from which blood was oozing. He bent down on one knee and examined. "Merciful Mother of Heaven," he half whispered, "you just killed a Cotimboia!" And in plain English that means a Brazilian variety of the cobra. It has a head similar to a club which narrows at the neck. It is greenish in color. Since it lies with its head down, you may mistake it for a branch of a tree or a vine. A Cotimboia can leap from four to over five feet. Another second and it would have made a dash for me. You better get some sleep, I will stand guard," suggested

my companion. I was a bit too tired to protest and went off into dreamland.

It was not necessary to cut the vines in order to go ahead on the trail. For lunch the next day, Cintero shot two parrots, which he cleaned and then roasted over a fire. His home-made spit was most efficient. "Parrot meat and Brazilian nuts, you have a feast fit for a king," he commented as I ate only half a bird. Maybe he was right, but I would have settled for a pound of good sirloin steak. It was during our second day through the jungle that we heard a peculiar rhythm-like beat. Cintero stopped and placed his ears to the ground. "Jungle message on drums telling the Chief two white men are on their way. Also, that we are under the protection of the Brazilian and American Governments and it is best not to kill or torture us." "Nice thought," was my only observation. "At least it means they wouldn't eat us if they run short of food." "Let's get the 'Eggs' ready," said Cintero. We each opened our pack and took out a round object. These we called "Eggs" but they were really a type of spatter-hand grenade, good for close fighting. Much more efficient than a rifle if the going got to be nasty.

The next day we hit a large clearing and we could see many round thatched houses. Each was built upon piles, as a protection against animals and the damp ground when the rainy season set in. We heard a variety of noises and there at our side was the welcoming committee. These natives were giants, I didn't see one under six feet. Some had white chalk lines on their faces. Others had hand carved and ferocious looking wooden masks. They were armed with spears and every man carried a leather shield. One, who was evidently the Chief, began to speak for almost five minutes. Then he stopped. "What does all this mean?" I asked Cintero. "In any language, it means get out while the going is good. We are unwelcome visitors. Give them the salt." We each placed the bag of salt at the feet of the Chief. Cintero explained our gift and asked permission to stay over night. This was reluctantly granted. They put us in a guest house that smelled of decaying fish. Then I got a brain storm. "Tell the Chief," I said to Cintero, "we do not like the dark. We wish a light." A few minutes later a lamp with a small burning wick was produced. I put my finger into the bowl. "Oil," was my one word comment. It didn't take much figuring out on the natives' part to understand we were looking for oil.

A group of them began to dance around our hut. "What does that gibberish mean?" I asked. You could see fear written on Cintero's face. "They are telling their friends we would make a good meal. Fresh meat has been scarce. If they eat us, who will know of their deed!" I put my pack on my back, held a rifle in my right hand and an egg in my left. Cintero got ready for action. I threw my egg over their heads. There was a deafening roar, a flash, and it looked as though half of mother earth was going up into the air. Most of the natives fell flat on their backs. Cintero looked at me for instructions. "A bee line for the trail. We must stick together." And then we ran as though mad while the frightened natives were trying to collect their wits.

It was something of a nightmare getting back to our boat. At the most, only about half a mile separated us from the blood hungry pack of Bastonia Indians who were after us. At night, we could feel them in the distance as they carried lighted torches. We made the boat early in the morning. "Over with her and into the water," I shouted. We had to leave most of our equipment behind. We must have been a quarter of a mile down the stream when the natives hit the shore line. In bitter despair some of them threw the remainders of their torches in our direction. And then it happened! The water seemed to catch on fire. A blazing path was cut right up to a small inlet. "Know what that means?" I said half exhausted. "Sure," replied Cintero. "They just told us the secret of their oil. It comes from the other side of the bank which is Brazilian state property. Probably oozing up from the ground at that point." Cintero told me, when we got back to Porto Coimbo, I was laughing for two hours. And why not? Those natives had handed us a multi-million dollar gift of oil land because they couldn't control their primitive temper-

Boys! Girls! Men! Women!

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NAME..... AGE.....

STREET or RFD.....

TOWN..... Zone.... STATE.....

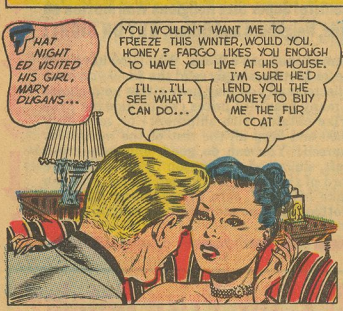
SUSPENSE STORY

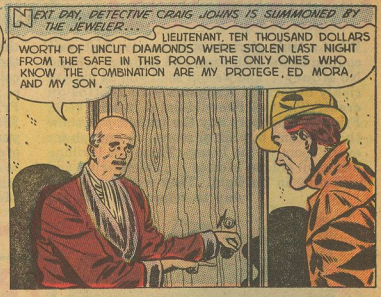
SIX YEARS AGO IN DETROIT, ED MORA OVERHEARD HIS BOSS, JEWELER ALVIN FARGO ARGUE WITH HIS SON MELS...

LOU MORALES

YOU KNOW I NEED $10,000 TO GET MY BUSINESS OUT OF THE RED, DAD, AND I INTEND TO GET IT!

NOT FROM ME, YOU WON'T! I KNOW YOU'LL JUST GAMBLE IT AWAY...





LIEUTENANT JOHNS ARRESTED ED MORA, SINCE THERE WAS NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR, THE DETECTIVE KNEW ED WAS LYING. AFTER LENGTHY QUESTIONING ED MORA CONFESSED AND WAS SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS.

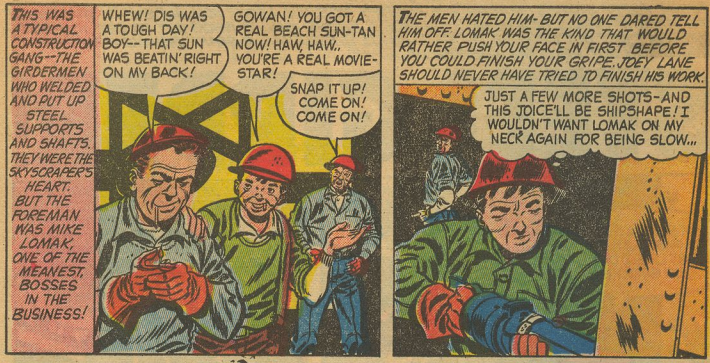
THIS IS SUSPENSE

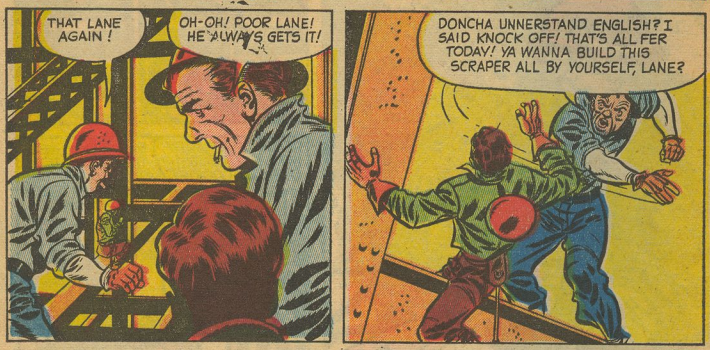
YOU'RE FORTY STORIES UP IN THE AIR. THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT YOU BUT EMPTY SPACE WHERE ONE MIS-STEP MEANS DEATH! AND YOU FACE A RAVING MANIAC WHO'S OUT TO GET YOU-BUT YOU CAN'T GET OUT BECAUSE THE ONLY OUT IS THE ELEVATOR SHAFT BEHIND HIM! WHAT WOULD YOU DO? READ THE ANSWER IN...

STEEL GIRDER!

THEY STILL TALK ABOUT IT SOMETIMES, WHEN A NEWCOMER GETS TOO COCKY, AND EVERYONE IN THE BUSINESS HAS HEARD OF IT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. WELL--IT ALL BEGAN A FEW YEARS BACK--WHEN THE WALLIS BUILDING WAS BEING PUT UP...

HEADS UP, McCARTY! HERE SHE COMES!-- ONE HOT COOKIE!
GOT IT, BOY! NEXT TIME PUT A LITTLE OL' ZIP ON IT! YER LOSING YER TOUCH! HAW! HAW!...
SSSS


THIS WAS A TYPICAL CONSTRUCTION GANG--THE GIRDERMEN WHO WELDED AND PUT UP STEEL SUPPORTS AND SHAFTS. THEY WERE THE SKYSCRAPER'S HEART. BUT THE FOREMAN WAS MIKE LOMAK, ONE OF THE MEANEST, BOSSES IN THE BUSINESS!
WHEW! DIS WAS A TOUGH DAY! BOY--THAT SUN WAS BEATIN' RIGHT ON MY BACK!
GOWAN! YOU GOT A REAL BEACH SUN-TAN NOW! HAW, HAW,, YOU'RE A REAL MOVIE-STAR!
SNAP IT UP! COME ON! COME ON!
THE MEN HATED HIM- BUT NO ONE DARED TELL HIM OFF. LOMAK WAS THE KIND THAT WOULD RATHER PUSH YOUR FACE IN FIRST BEFORE YOU COULD FINISH YOUR GRIPE. JOEY LANE SHOULD NEVER HAVE TRIED TO FINISH HIS WORK.
JUST A FEW MORE SHOTS-AND THIS JOICE'LL BE SHIPSHAPE! I WOULDN'T WANT LOMAK ON MY NECK AGAIN FOR BEING SLOW...


THAT LANE AGAIN!
OH-OH! POOR LANE! HE ALWAYS GETS IT!
DONCHA UNNERSTAND ENGLISH? I SAID KNOCK OFF! THAT'S ALL FER TODAY! YA WANNA BUILD THIS SCRAPER ALL BY YOURSELF, LANE?

N-NO, MR. LOMAK! HONEST! I-I WAS ONLY TRYIN' TO DO A GOOD JOB! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU CALL OUT TIME!
YEAH? WELL GET THIS, YOU SPINELESS WEAKLING! IF I EVER CATCH YA NOT JUMPIN' WHEN I TELL YOU TO AGAIN, I'LL FIRE YA--SEE! NOW BEAT IT!
THAT NO GOOD LOMAK! HE KNOWS WE CAN'T GRIPE OVER HIS HEAD, 'CAUSE HE'S GOT CONNECTIONS! AND IF ANYONE DOES, HE NEVER GETS A JOB AGAIN! SOMEDAY, SOMEONE'S GONNA SHOW HIM!
YEAH! BUT RIGHT NOW WE GOTTA TAKE IT AND LIKE IT!

THIS IS SUSPENSE

FINALLY JOE COULD TAKE IT NO LONGER... HE SCREAMED AT LOMAK AS HE BACKED OUT ONTO A PLANKING...

LEAVE ME ALONE! DO YOU HEAR ME! **LEAVE ME ALONE!**

WHY YOU WEAK-LING! I'LL PUSH YOUR HEAD IN!

Y-YOU LEAVE ME ALONE! USE YOUR FISTS! THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO! I'M TIRED OF IT! I'M TIRED OF YOU! STAY AWAY FROM ME, OR I'LL--

JOEY-! WATCH OUT!! BEHIND YOU!!! JOEY!!

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT WENT THROUGH MIKE LOMAK'S MIND AS HE STOOD ATOP THAT GREAT PILE OF STEEL AND WATCHED JOEY LANE HURTLE DOWN--DOWN--DOWN--!

THEY STARED AT THAT POOR, BROKEN BODY--ALL OF THEM. NOT A WORD WAS SPOKEN. THE SILENCE WEIGHED DOWN MIKE LOMAK. THE POLICE ARRIVED, REPORTERS CAME-- A CROWD GATHERED...

JOEY... JOEY... SOB... SOB... SOB...

HE FELL ACCIDENTALLY! ALL OF US SAW IT! HE WAS GETTIN' JUMPY LATELY! I WUZ GONNA ASSIGN HIM TO ANOTHER FLOOR! BUT IT HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY--!

ORDINARILY THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END-- BUT JOEY LANE HAD A BROTHER! THE LETTER ARRIVED EARLY ONE AFTERNOON A FEW WEEK'S AFTERWARDS TO ROY LANE, STARRED ACROBAT WITH A CARNIVAL...

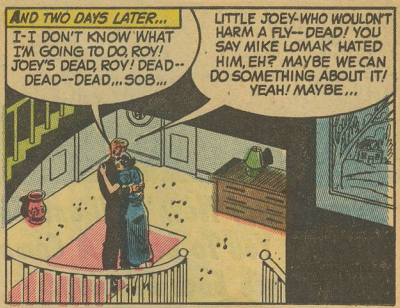
WHEW! THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW! HI, POP! GOT A LETTER FOR ME?

SURE DO SON! MMM,, IT'S GOT PARFUME! DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D HAVE A LADY ADMIRER!

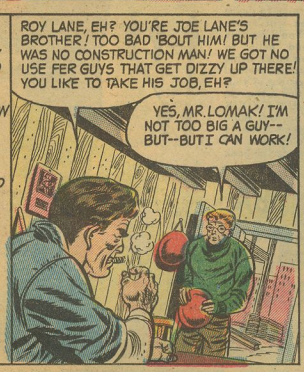
GIVE IT HERE, YOU OLD CUPID! IT'S FROM JOEY'S WIFE! LISTEN TO WHAT SHE SAYS,, "ROY--SOMETHING DREADFUL HAS HAPPENED. JOEY HAS--"

GO ON, SON! GO ON!

THIS IS SUSPENSE



ROY NOW STAYED WITH TERRY. HE WANTED A JOB BADLY--A CONSTRUCTION JOB! AND SOME DAYS LATER, A WISPY, BE-SPECTACLED WORKER FACED MIKE LOMAK AT THE ASSIGN-MENT SHACK...



LOMAK LOVED THIS. NOW, HE HAD JOEY LANE TO BULLY ALL OVER AGAIN! THIS BROTHER OF HIS SEEMED EVEN MORE OF A COWARD THAN JOEY! HE STARTED ON ROY RIGHT AWAY...

LEARN TO DANCE

IN YOUR OWN HOME . . . in 1 WEEK . . . or

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Sensational New "Tell-and-Show" Way Enables You To Learn A Complete, New Dance Each Evening!

NOW DANCE THE

WALTZ · FOX-TROT · RHUMBA · TANGO · SAMBA · CONGA · LINDY · JITTERBUG · SQUARE DANCES

This new speed-method makes learning to dance so simple, quick and easy — you will amaze your friends in one single week! You'll be able to say "good-bye" to loneliness and "hello" to fun and romance. Of course, if you enjoy being a wallflower this easy, quick, self-teaching method is not for you. But, if you want to get out of your rut and start living — send for this Complete Dance Instruction Course on our DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! You have nothing to lose, and popularity and good times to gain, so act now! For your promptness, we include without extra charge, a wonderful book of Square Dances.

A picture of a dancing couple shows you each step and movement; easy follow-the-footprint drawings for every step of each complete dance. Simple-to-read instructions. All together, this new speed-method makes it easy and quick to learn to dance.

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The good dancers have the best times . . . get the most invitations. Here's your chance to own this new, complete, Short-Cut Course . . . to expert dancing. And, DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if it isn't everything we say it is. The bonus book of Square Dances is yours.

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

You must learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, in 7 days, or you may return the Complete Course of Dance Instruction for immediate refund of double your purchase price. The Bonus Book of Square Dances is yours to keep.

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Box 463, Midtown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

MAIL DOUBLE REFUND COUPON NOW!

PICKWICK CO., Dept. 627-BC
Box 463, Midtown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

Send, at once, the Complete Course of Dance Instruction. For my promptness, include the Book of Square Dances. On delivery, will pay postman just $1.98 plus postage. If not delighted and thrilled within 7 days, may return the Dance Course for REFUND OF DOUBLE THE PURCHASE PRICE. The Book of Square Dances is mine to keep.

Name _____

Address _____

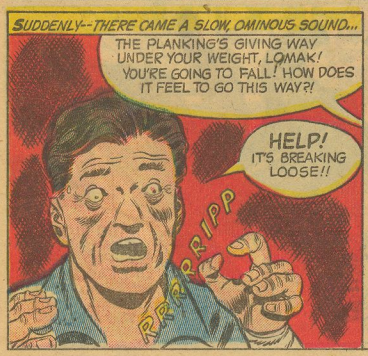
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

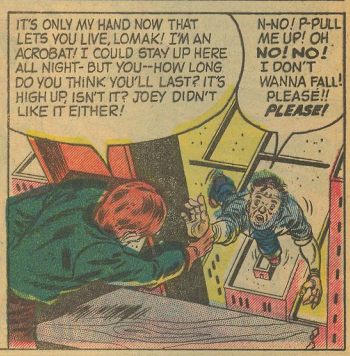
☐ SAVE MONEY: Send payment now, and we pay the 48¢ postage. No APO, FPO, or Foreign C.O.D.'s.

LOMAK PLAYED IT CAUTIOUS FOR A WHILE. THEN WHEN HE FELT THAT ROY LANE WAS AS TIMID AS HIS BROTHER, HE STARTED. LOMAK PICKED ON HIM CONTINUOUSLY. HE NEVER LET UP---
GET YOURSELF UP TO THE TOP GIRDER! IT'S SEVENTY-TWO STORIES TO THE GROUND, LANE! SCARED? HA, HA...
N-NO!
HERE IT COMES! HERE'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!!!
MOMENTS LATER...
OKAY, LANE! THERE'S NOTHING BUT EMPTY AIR ON ALL SIDES OF YA. NOW I'M GONNA SEE WHAT YA GOT FER NERVE---
YOU'RE CRAZY, LOMAK! NOW I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU. YOU'RE SCARED ON THE GROUND! YOU DON'T GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE! BUT HERE --YOU'RE KING!--ONLY I WON'T KNEEL!
YOU--YOU ---- I--I'LL SHOW-YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS!
SNAP
TOO SLOW, LOMAK! YOU ONLY SNAPPED THE LIFT CABLE! NOW WE'RE ALONE UP HERE... JUST YOU AND ME!
LOMAK CHARGED WITH ONE INTENTION--TO THROTTLE HIM! BUT ROY WAS WAITING...
NEVER LEAD WITH YOUR RIGHT, LOMAK! YOU'RE A BIG MAN--AND YOU'RE STRONG--BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH BECAUSE THIS IS CHILD'S PLAY TO ME!
YOU SEE LOMAK! I'M USED TO THIS SORT OF THING! I'VE DEVELOPED MY MUSCLES SINCE I WAS A KID! I COULD TIE YOU INTO A KNOT IF I WANTED TO! BUT, I'D RATHER SEE YOU SWEAT, LOMAK!

STAY AWAY FROM ME LANE! I'M WARNIN' YA!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT LOMAK? YOU'RE AT THE EDGE OF THE PLANKING! THIS IS HOW JOEY WENT, WASN'T IT? YOU EGGED HIM ON, LOMAK--DIDN'T YOU?

LISTEN, YA NUT! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH! LET ME GET BACK ON THAT GIRDER! I-I HAD NUTHIN' TO DO WITH YER BROTHER'S DEATH! I DIDN'T PUSH HIM!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO! YOU KNEW HE GOT DIZZY, DIDN'T YOU? ALL I HAVE TO DO, LOMAK, IS STEP ON THIS PLANKING JUST ONCE! YOU'LL FALL, LOMAK, SEVENTY-TWO STORIES!


SUDDENLY--THERE CAME A SLOW, OMINOUS SOUND...
THE PLANKING'S GIVING WAY UNDER YOUR WEIGHT, LOMAK! YOU'RE GOING TO FALL! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO GO THIS WAY?!
HELP! IT'S BREAKING LOOSE!!
RRRIPP


IT'S ONLY MY HAND NOW THAT LETS YOU LIVE, LOMAK! I'M AN ACROBAT! I COULD STAY UP HERE ALL NIGHT- BUT YOU--HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'LL LAST? IT'S HIGH UP, ISN'T IT? JOEY DIDN'T LIKE IT EITHER!
N-NO! P-PULL ME UP! OH NO! NO! I DON'T WANNA FALL! PLEASE!! PLEASE!

ROY LANE BROUGHT HIM DOWN. NO ONE WAS ANYWHERE NEAR THEM TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED. FROM BELOW, IT LOOKED LIKE ROY HAD SAVED LOMAK'S LIFE, BUT TERRY-AND THE REST ALL KNEW...
I DID IT! I DID IT! I KILLED JOEY LANE! I MADE HIM TAKE THAT JUMP! I CONFESS! I MADE HIM FALL!
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF LOMAK...

THANK YOU ROY--OH, THANK YOU!
COME ON, KID! WE'RE GOING HOME! REST EASILY, JOEY! LOMAK WILL PAY FOR HIS CRIME!
THE END

THIS IS SUSPENSE

SUSPENSE CLUES

YOU BE THE DETECTIVE!

EMERY STONE THE VICTIM. A SCROOGE TYPE OF CHARACTER WHO CARED ABOUT NO ONE BUT HIMSELF!

JOSEPH GROFF CIGAR SMOKING BUSINESS PARTNER OF EMERY'S. HE STOOD TO GAIN THE OTHER HALF OF THE SUCCESSFUL HARDWARE FIRM. WAS *VERY* FOND OF...

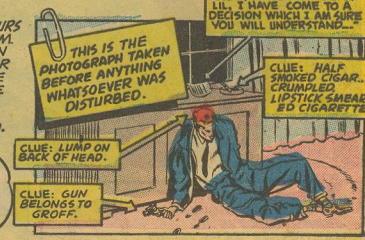
LILLY STONE EMERY'S BEAUTIFUL AND FLIRTATIOUS WIFE. SHE LIKED MONEY, PARTIES, CLOTHES AND MORE MONEY. ALSO, SHE WAS SOLE BENEFICIARY IN EMERY'S $100,000 INSURANCE POLICY!

DON COPPER EMERY'S RIVAL... NOT ONLY IN THE HARDWARE BUSINESS... BUT FOR LILI'S AFFECTIONS!

ALLAN COLE HANDLED FINANCES AND THE BOOKS IN THE STONE-GROFF HARDWARE FIRM. SURE... HE HAD JUGGLED THE BOOKS AROUND TO THE TUNE OF $67,000... BUT SO FAR IT HADN'T BEEN DISCOVERED.

JIM FABER UNDERPAID HANDY MAN AND CHAUFFEUR TO EMERY STONE!

IT HAD BEEN RAINING FOR ABOUT TWO HOURS BEFORE THE DEATH WAS DISCOVERED AT 3 A.M. BY THE COP ON THE BEAT. HE HAD CHECKED ON THE LIGHT STILL BURNING AT THE FIRM'S REAR OFFICE WINDOW AND CONTACTED THE POLICE STATION FROM HIS CALL BOX SINCE ALL THE DOORS AT THE HARDWARE COMPANY WERE LOCKED. EVERYONE CONCERNED IN THE CASE WAS LATER ROUSED OUT OF BED AND QUESTIONED.



WHO OR WHOM ARE THE KILLERS? OR MAYBE IT WAS SUICIDE?

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWER..

THE DEATH OCCURRED BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND THREE AM. AND IT WASN'T SUICIDE SINCE THERE ARE NO POWDER BURNS ON EMERY'S HAND AND THE SCUFF MARKS ON THE RUG INDICATE HE WAS DRAGGED THERE THE KILLER. EVIDENTLY A PERSON WHO HAD THE KEYS TO THE OFFICE SINCE ALL THE DOORS WERE LOCKED. ENTERED ABOUT ONE AM... AFTER IT HAD STARTED RAINING. THE PUNCHED BY THE OAMP TRACKS ON THE RUG. THE KILLER SNEAKED IN... CAUGHT EMERY BY SURPRISE WRITING A LETTER TO HIS WIFE TELLING OF HIS INTENTIONS TO DIVORCE HER. HE HIT STONE ON THE HEAD WITH THE GUN GROFF KEPT IN HIS DESK AND ARRANGED AN APPARENT SUICIDE. HE KNEW THE POLICE WERE SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THROUGH IT AND PUSHED EVIDENCE POINTING TO GROFF AND MAYBE MRS. STONE BUT MOTHER NATURE GAVE MR ALLAN COLE AWAY!

THE BIG MISTAKE!

STUMBLING HOPELESSLY, JOHN TRIMBLE FLED THROUGH THE NIGHT, HIS BODY STRAINING TO SUPREME ENDURANCE IN AN EFFORT TO AVERT CAPTURE BY LIEUTENANT CORD BRADLEY'S OFFICERS OF THE LAW!

ONLY A FEW SHORT HOURS BEFORE, JOHN TRIMBLE HAD BEEN A RESPECTABLE MEMBER OF A CITY'S TEEMING MILLIONS. WHAT HAPPENED THAT NOW HE WAS RACING THROUGH THE DARKNESS LIKE A TERROR-STRICKEN ANIMAL? *WHAT WAS JOHN TRIMBLE'S* ***BIG MISTAKE?***

BUT ONE MEMBER OF THE GROUP WAS NOT AS CAREFREE AS HE APPEARED. AFTER TAKING LEAVE OF HIS COMPANIONS LATER THAT EVENING, JOHN TRIMBLE PONDERED OVER A SERIOUS PROBLEM.....

IT'S BLACKMAIL! BART KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING! BEGAN IT BY ASKING ME FOR A SMALL LOAN... BUT HIS IDEA FROM THE VERY FIRST WAS TO BLACKMAIL ME!

EVEN WHILE BUSY AT HIS DUTIES IN THE BANK, JOHN WORRIED....

...JUST BECAUSE HE KNOWS OF MY HAVING SERVED TIME FOR THEFT BACK IN RAYVILLE... TEN YEARS AGO! THOSE TIRES WERE THE ONLY THING I EVER STOLE IN MY LIFE.... AND I PAID MY DEBT FOR IT! AND I'M STILL SORRY!

WITH A FRIENDLY SMILE ON HIS FACE, BART HAS TAKEN EVERY CENT I HAVE! NOW HE WANTS ME TO STEAL FROM THE BANK... OR HE WILL TELL THEM OF MY PAST! I'LL TELL HIM NEXT WEEK... *I WON'T DO IT!*

ANOTHER WEEK ROLLED BY, AND BROUGHT ANOTHER EVENING WITH JERRY AND BART....

SO WE'RE TO MEET AT HIS FINE NEW APARTMENT... THAT HE PAYS FOR WITH *MY MONEY!* AND ALL THE WHILE I'M FORCED TO PRETEND THAT HE IS A DEAR FRIEND!

BART... IT'S JOHN! I'M COMING ON IN!

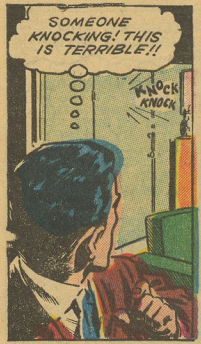
RECEIVING NO ANSWER, JOHN STEPPED TO THE DOOR OF BART'S BEDROOM...

HAS JERRY ARRIVED Y....?

BART!

IN SPITE OF THE MISERY THAT HAD BEEN DEALT HIM BY BART MEAD, JOHN WAS FILLED WITH SADNESS AS HE KNELT OVER WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN HIS BOYHOOD CHUM....
THIS... THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE WEAPON! THIS BRONZE GOLF TROPHY!

WHY, IF ANYONE SAW ME LIKE THIS, THEY WOULD THINK I HAD DONE IT! AND I HAVE A VERY GOOD REASON TO HAVE!


SOMEONE KNOCKING! THIS IS TERRIBLE!!
KNOCK KNOCK

GOT TO GET MY FINGERPRINTS OFF THE GOLF TROPHY!

BART, I... OH, HELLO, JOHN!
JERRY! ER...GLAD TO SEE YOU, JERRY! SIT DOWN. I GUESS BART IS DRESSING.

JOHN'S MIND WAS TWISTED BY TERROR AND CONFUSION AS HE ATTEMPTED IDLE CONVERSATION WITH JERRY...
THAT BART! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE WHO TOOK SO MUCH TIME TO DOLL UP, JOHN?
ER... NO, JERRY. I REMEMBER ONCE WHEN HE SPENT OVER HALF A WEEK'S PAY FOR HAIR OIL ALONE! HA! HA!

HE WAS A FUNNY ONE, ALL RIGHT! YOU WON'T FIND MANY LIKE OLD BART! A HANDSOME DUDE, TOO!
YES...HOW'S THE JOB GOING, JERRY? GETTING ANY NEARER THAT JUNIOR PARTNERSHIP?

JOHN SUCCEEDED IN TURNING THE CONVERSATION AWAY FROM BART MEAD, BUT FINALLY....

NO SENSE IN LETTING OLD BART TAKE ALL EVENING! I'LL STEP IN AND HURRY HIM UP!

OH...NO! ER...SURE, GOOD IDEA!

BART...! JOHN, YOU'D BETTER COME SEE THIS!

WHAT... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE POLICE WERE CALLED... AND JOHN TRIMBLE'S TERROR MOUNTED EVEN HIGHER BEFORE THE UNWAVERING EYES OF THE LAW... THE EYES OF LIEUTENANT CORD BRADLEY...

WELL, YES, LIEUTENANT! THAT IS... NO. JERRY WAS THE FIRST TO FIND HIM!

TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE, DID MR. MEAD EVER DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT CAUSE HIM TO HAVE ENEMIES?

DEFINITELY NOT! NO ONE COULD HAVE BEEN BART'S ENEMY!

...EXCEPT ME! I COULD EASILY HAVE BEEN HIS ENEMY!

I'M GOING TO ASK YOU NOT TO LEAVE TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS, MR. TRIMBLE!

YOU MEAN YOU SUSPECT ME?

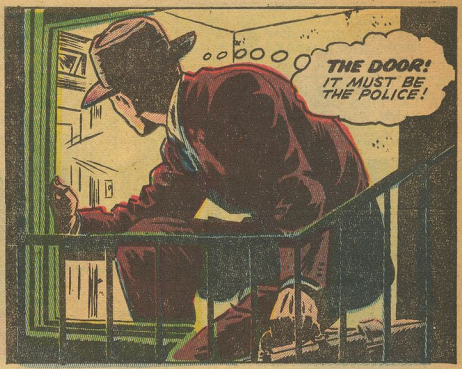
I SUSPECT EVERYBODY! BUT DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU. JUST STICK AROUND TOWN!

IT WAS WITH A HEAVY SIGH OF RELIEF THAT JOHN LATER LEFT THE APARTMENT....

HE KNOWS! THAT LIEUTENANT BRADLEY KNOWS I'VE BEEN LYING! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!

I WAS FIRST TO REACH BART'S PLACE...I HAD EVERY CHANCE TO DO IT! AND HE WAS BLACKMAILING ME.... I HAD EVERY REASON! BRADLEY IS NO FOOL! HE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT MY LYING... AND I'LL BE AS GOOD AS CONVICTED!

I HAVEN'T A CHANCE IF I STAY HERE! I'M GETTING OUT!


THE DOOR! IT MUST BE THE POLICE!

THERE HE GOES, LIEUTENANT! RUNNING ACROSS THE STREET TOWARD THE PARK!
AND ALL I CAME HERE FOR WAS TO ASK HIM A COUPLE MORE QUESTIONS! WELL, GO GET HIM, BOYS!

LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL JOHN TRIMBLE FLED THROUGH THE DARKNESS...
OVER THERE! IN THE PARK! HALT, TRIMBLE!
NO! NO! I CAN'T LET THEM GET ME! NO!

UP ON THE ROCK, THERE, MAHONEY!

HERE'S HIS SUITCASE, LIEUTENANT! GUESS HE DECIDED TO TRAVEL LIGHT!
I GUESS THIS'LL BE A CLOSED CASE WHEN WE BRING TRIMBLE IN, EH, LIEUTENANT!
YOU CAN'T EVER TELL, AL! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE!

THE FAMOUS JUELENE SYSTEM GUARANTEE

LOVELIER HAIR IN 7 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Give Yourself This Treatment Just Once

That's All We Ask—Just One Trial—You Will Marvel At The Results. You Will Be Absolutely Amazed Or It Doesn't Cost You One Penny. Your Fine Care With Latest JUELENE Formulas May Be The Answer To Your Hair And Scalp Problem.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE

While there is something new under the sun almost every day, Beauticians, Expert Hairdressers and Dermatologists are all familiar with the use of LANOLIN. In recent years, it has been believed that CHOLESTEROL is the active ingredient of LANOLIN. CHOLESTEROL is an ingredient found in all vegetables, in all animals, and in our own bodies. It is now possible for chemists to produce a synthetic CHOLESTEROL, which makes it possible to use CHOLESTEROL in this Special Hair and Scalp System. Your hair grows from the follicles located in the tissues of your scalp. The condition of your hair depends upon the normal health of your scalp. The LANOLIN Cream Shampoo which you receive with this treatment is to be used as a Shampoo to cleanse the hair and scalp of dust, dried perspiration, grime, etc.

YOU GET EVERYTHING, the JAR of JUELENE SYSTEM (SCALP and HAIR LUBRICANT), the LANOLIN CREAM SHAMPOO, the DH-12 FORMULA containing CHOLESTEROL, PLUS the SPECIAL LANOLIN COMPOUND, ALL A REAL BARGAIN AT $4.00 BUT all YOU PAY is ONLY $2.98, plus postage, FOR EVERYTHING. FOLLOW the JUELENE SYSTEM DIRECTIONS you receive with your package OF THESE 4 FORMULAS, and YOU WILL BLESS THE DAY YOU BEGAN and TRIED THIS PROPER WAY.

Fine special daily Juelene System care helps PREVENT, DANDRUFFY DULL, DRY, BRITTLE ITCHY SCALP, BURNT HAIR. through lubrication, massage & stimulation,

Being a woman, your hair is in need of either waving, marcelling or pin-curling regularly. Be certain to give your hair and scalp fine special care and to use the special LANOLIN Formula which you get with everything to pin-curl, wave, set your hair. This Formula melts easily, waterproofs the hair, and at the same time helps to hold a setting on styling longer. By resisting perspiration, it not only keeps your hair looking lovelier, more lustrous, but helps to prevent dry, cracking, dandruffy, dull hair conditions.

SEND NO MONEY MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW
EVERY CENT BACK IF NOT THE BEST YOU EVER USED.

YOU GET FULL DIRECTIONS ON HOW TO USE EVERYTHING, PLUS A REGULAR $2. LESSON ON HOW TO PIN CURL OVER-NITE, WAVE AND STYLE YOUR HAIR BY JUEL'S HAIR STYLIST.

100% GUARANTEE
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED!
YOU CAN'T LOSE!

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I would like to try your special JUELENE SYSTEM of special hair and scalp care. Send me a regular size jar of JUELENE Formula for daily lubrication, massage, stimulation. A Jar of LANOLIN CREAM SHAMPOO for cleansing the hair. A Jar of DH-12 CHOLESTEROL Formula for use after shampoo. A Jar of Special LANOLIN Compound to use for waving, curling, pin-curling, and to help hold my hair setting longer, more lustrous, and LANOLIN benefits. Send me everything. On delivery, I will pay only $2.98, plus postage. Included will be full JUELENE SYSTEM directions and 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. I must be delighted and pleased in every way or every cent back. I promise that if I am pleased, I will tell my friends about the wonderful JUELENE SYSTEM formulas and treatment, and of all of the benefits of fine LANOLIN and CHOLESTEROL. Send everything to:

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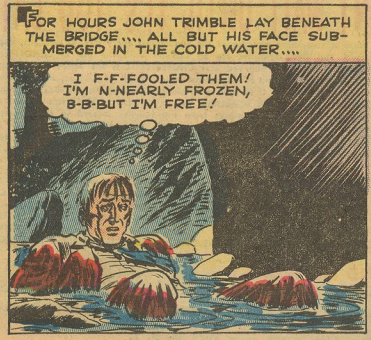
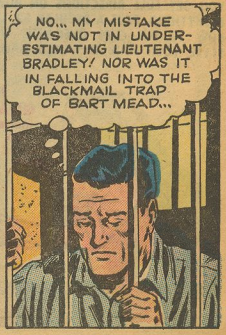


JOHN TRIMBLE HAD *THOUGHT* THE POLICE WERE OUTWITTED... BUT HE HAD NOT RECKONED WITH THE CUNNING OF LIEUTENANT BRADLEY, WHO HAD LAIN IN WAIT FOR HIM !



JOHN FELT A HEAVY BURDEN DROP FROM HIS SHOULDERS AS HE RELATED TO LIEUTENANT BRADLEY THE TRUTH...FROM BEGINNING TO END!

AND JOHN TRIMBLE? JOHN HAD LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON OF HIS LIFE....

GIVEN
PREMIUMS - CASH

WE ARE RELIABLE OUR 60th YEAR

Candid Cameras with Carrying Case, Ukuleles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. **Chem. Co., Dept. 99-M, Tyrone, Pa.**

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Lovable Fully Dressed Dolls over 15"in height, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Wrist Watches, Aluminum Ware (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Be first. 60th year. **Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 99-N, Tyrone, Pa.**

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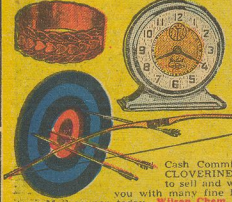

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Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. CC-99, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures and 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name ..... Age.....
St. ..... R.D. ..... Box.....
Town ..... Zone No ..... State.....

Print LAST Name Here

☐ Please check here if you desire **FREE** Pictures otherwise none will be sent.

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LET ME GIVE YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.

My Secret Method Has Worked for Thousands No Matter How Skinny or Flabby They Were—Now, Why Not Let It Work For You?

HERE'S WHAT I'LL PROVE 15 MINUTES A DAY CAN DO FOR YOU

I DON'T CARE how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! *Only 15 minutes a day*—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscles!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

ARE YOU

- Skinny, Weak, and run down?
- Always tired?
- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Constipated?
- Suffering from bad breath?
- Fat and flabby?
- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK.

FREE Illustrated 32-page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Packed with actual photographs. Page by page, it shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325S, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Nevens, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 pounds. When I started your course I weighed only 147. Now I weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

This handsome cup, over a foot high, will be given to the pupil who makes the greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

MAIL COUPON TO GET MY VALUABLE BOOK FREE

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325S,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name_____ Age_____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

APPEAR

Slim 'N Trim in only 5 seconds

with the interlocking hands of firm support*

instantly enjoy LOOKING IN SHAPE FEELING IN SHAPE

If a sagging "corporation" is getting you down and spoiling your appearance try this right now: INTERLOCK your hands and press up and in across the extended abdomen. See how the abdomen is pushed back in and held there! Like this sensation of feeling better and looking good? Of course you can't keep your interlocked hand across your abdomen all the time and you do not have to because our brand NEW POWER-KNIT COMMANDER* belt with the exclusive Interlocking Hands of Firm Support* will give you the same results quickly and all the time too!

Back is Held Together—Clothes Fit Better

New Power-Knit Commander makes clothes fit better, actually permits you to take in several notches on your belt. New Commander holds your back together and keeps it from getting the falling-apart feeling.

Work Better All Day and Feel Good Too!

All we say is try New Power-Knit Commander and compare how you feel and look at the end of a strenuous day's work with the way you did before wearing New Commander. You must enjoy the difference or the cost will be nothing to you.

TRY 10 DAYS FREE

Send the coupon below and try this amazing new all around abdominal flattener which makes you look smooth and inches slimmer. Wear the New Power-Knit Commander 10 days and then decide. Either you look, feel and enjoy your new appearance much more or return the belt and we'll immediately refund the pur-

ONLY $3.98

Waist 28 to 47

USE THIS COUPON

Make The Interlocking Hands Test Now!

You do not have to send for the New Power-Knit Commander with Interlocking Hands of Firm Support* to test what it will do for you. To get the idea just do this: Interlock your hands across the extended abdomen and press up and in. Feel good? Of course! Now Try New Power-Knit Commander and see if you do not feel the same way.

Ward Green Co., Dept P-65843 West 61st St., New York 23

OK! Send the New Power-Knit Deluxe Commander with the "Interlocking Hands of Firm Support*" for 10 days trial. I either get the results promised or my purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My present waist measure is ..... inches.

☐ I enclose $3.98 ($4.98 for waist 47 and up).

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman plus postage.

☐ Also send extra fly front pouches, 75c (3 for $2.00).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

*T. M. Reg. U. S. PATENT Office Nos. 520,148 and 506,797